* DAILY MAGAZINE PAGES FOR EVERYBODY*

Put on the Door of Vice the House-Owner's Name By Winifred Black

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R. JENKIN LLOYD JONES cur," says Dr. Lloyd Jones,

'many of the other 25 per cent are owned the afternoon of the Sabbath.

"If a man is ashamed of his house and the use to which that house is put-let him sell it-or-let him keep his

the shifting of responsibility. I want to see some of the people who are to blame for some of the worst conditions in our city take some of that blame and do the best they can with it."

I wonder what would happen if they should carry out the doorplate idea in a Pullman car running out of that town for love nor money nor flattery nor anything there is that's human.

"And I have a dear little daughter-she's at one of the finest schools in the country; I've got to get abroad, some way, before she gets a hint of this-she'd die of mortification. How could they bring such a blot upon her wme-those other girls-the ones who were dragged down there-where my same is on the door! What are they to me-they are just creatures of the streets. Why should I be held respor sible because they can't behave them-

"Why do I rent my property for such a purpose if I do not aprove it? Well, I have to live-everything costs so much, too, and there's my son to be sent to college and my daughter to bring out in society. What do people expect me to do, live in a flat somewhere just to please these doorplate cranks? Why, they haven't any respect for anyone any more; 'sn't it readful? Isn't it appalling what a hideous and ungrateful world we

Can't you hear them-all the little cowardly souls that never do anyhing right-if it takes courage and self-denial and honesty to do it: Can't you see them-all the smug hypocrites, all the self-satisfied Pharisees hurrying and scurrying to get away from the plain, simple truth?

"So it is when we lift the stones of a great error-what a scurrying there

the great stone would hide them forever!

batten and grow fat on the vices of the unfortunate?

proceeds of misery and despair? What business is it of yours who owned the house where that young girl who killed herself was brought to fogradation? Don't you known that

No-you don't expect that-you just ask that they take their share of the blame, just as they took their share, and more than their share of the

Make them put their name on the doorplate of that house? There, there, den't say another word. You're mad, Dr. Jones, stark, staring, raving madwhat else can you be and cherish such a notion as that?

How dare you try to lift the stone-Jenkins Lloyd Jones-and let in the light on the starved earth beneath! Don't you care at all what is going to

The Bride's Silver Chest

By MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK.

HE bride's choicest treasure is often the silver which she receives on her wedding day. There it lies sparkling and glinting; all the flatware, the sugar shells, the bouillon spoons, the afterdinner coffees, the salad server and the pie knife, not to mention the tea service or various other larger pieces for the table.

shimmering and lovely, but how shall the bride keep

it so? "Cleaning silver" is suposed to be one of the bugbears h ous ekeeping, and the mussy rags and cloths and flying pow-der and the hour's labor each week have always been held in condemnation.

is there no way to make this bur-

Several years ago a new discovery was heralded with open, unques-tioning arms, that of a miraculous bath into which silver could be dip-ped, and from which it could emerge shining and white without the labor of hands. At first this was used in a special box, but later the same idea was applied to a small section of metal which, when laid into any vessel and covered with a certain solution of sait and baking soda effected the same marvelous transformation. The principle of this bath was that the piece of zinc, or the specially manufactured box, together with the baking soda salt solution, attacked the discoloration on the silver, (which is really an oxidation from the sir) and removed There is nothing wrong with the theory, and the same idea can be developed not only with special-ly prepared pan and piece of metal, but with the same solution used in an aluminum pan, with the silver laid on the bottom of the pan.

But the point is that care was not But the point is that care was not exercised as to just what silver this was used upon. For sterling silver this method is entirely harmless. But for plate silver, or any silver having a French gray or similar finish, it is very injurious indeed. Another point. A knife, for example, may have a handle of sterling silver, but the blade may be ample, may have a handle of sterling silver, but the blade may be and probably is some other metal with only a thin wash of silver. If such a knife is placed into this chemical bath, the silver handle will not be harmed, but the blade will. Similarly other pieces. It is most important to know all about the silver before placing it into such a bath. I have had several pieces of what I supposed was sterling silver spoiled in this manner, and I know of cases where the French gray finish was entirely removed by this method.

Frankly, I think in the matter of silver cleaning, it pays to be old-fashioned. The best means I have found for general use is the impregnated cloth. As there is no water with this method, only a rubbing with the cloth, there is no possibility of removing the silver coating as by immersion in a chemical fluid. The cloth prevents the mussy, dust-flying method, and as it is made by reputable firms, generally jewelers or those who understand metal monufacture, I have found several of these cloths to be entirely satisfactory and perfectly harmless. But there are several pastes on the market which are preferable to the powders, and which when used with the soft, silver cleaning brush and Frankly, I think in the matter of

the soft, silver cleaning brush and the right kind of canton flannel rags, are not at all objectionable. Of course, gloves should be worn when doing this and other metal clean-ing, and it seems to me that sitting comfortably for an hour at the work of polishing one's own silver is comfortably for an hour at the work of polishing one's own silver is rather pleasant. Certainly, the labor is worth the saving of harm to the silver. Only the softer cloth should be used like canton flamel to petal with, and then if a tepid bath with pure suds is given and a final polishing with a towel, such weekly cleaning will keep the silver as bright as on the wedding day.

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THE HEART LINE

wants to have all property labeled with the owner's nameand then see what will happen. "Put a brass doorplate with the owner's full name on it, on every house he owns, and things will begin to oc-

"Seventy-five per cent of the houses ented for saloon and other kindred purposes in Chicago are owned by respecta-ble widows. Also," says Dr. Jones, by people who would turn tail at the idea of going to the theater on Sunday, or playing an innocent game of golf on

name on the door.

"No, I am not joking; I was never in my life. I am tired of hypocrisy-tired of pretense-tired of

Good, practical idea, isn't it? Well, it comes from a good, practical man. in Chicago-or anywhere else? I'd like to be there the first twenty-four hours that those doorplates went up. What a rushing business the steamship companies would do in tickets. And I'm afraid you couldn't get a drawing room

The Vice Above.

Wouldn't it be fun to see all the hurrying and scurrying, and to listen to

all the excusings and apologizings and denyings? "I hadn't the faintest idea-if I had ever suspected! Why, the very idea don't see how they ever made such a mistake! Me make my income in any such way as that! Why, I'm president of the White Ribbon Club in my

Isn't it Holmes who tells about the time that he sat in a green meadow and watched the flowers blossoming in the grass? A meadow lark sat on a bush by the path and whistled, and there was a nest in the grass, and in the nest were speckled eggs, and the earth was all strewn with stars, in the shape of flowers, and all the air was perfumed and all the world was

And he who sat in the grass lifted a flat stone that had fallen there, and lo, the earth was gray with thousands of little slugs and worms and insects which lived under the flat stone in the dark and the darkness.

. The Grubs Below. is of all the little insects which bred to life under the stone," says Holmes-

or something like it. keep thinking of the stone in the meadow slugs that fattened under the weight of its secrecy.

"No one sees us here under the stone-on one can find us-lucky we are to live in such security"-and all at once some meddler lifts the stone, and the sun pours in and the dank ground begins to dry. Sh-how they scurry and hurry and wriggle and twist-the fat white worms who thought

What a meddlesome person you are, Jenkin Lloyd Jones, never content to let well enough alone-what is it to you that some few favored ones

Is it any of your business, pray, who it is that is getting rich on the

the people who lived there pay an enormous rent-three times what the house would be worth in any other part of town-you couldn't expect the owners to give up such an income as that, could you?

become of the fat white grubs who live under it?

The silver chest came to her all

I were you. (Copyright, 1914, by Mrs. Christine Frederick.)



HE LIFE LINE runs from under the forefinger, around the ball of

But that isn't the line that interests him most. He will take a

chance on the life line. The line that interests him most—the line he's

THE GLASS OF FASHION WILL

studying while he's telling you about the life line is the heart line.

and is a good guesser, he knows when he sees that line just how

the thumb, down toward the wrist. If he knows about palmistry, If he can guess that he's a wonder-he's THE wonder.

By MARGARET MASON

long you are going to live.

put his arm about her waist, He yearns, the ardent lover; But just quite where her waist should be He really can't discover; It has its ups and downs, you see, And always under cover.

NEW YORK, Aug. 1 .- In these fashionable days of frank revela-tions my lady's walst line seems to be about the only spot that is left to the imagination. With her bodice cut so low and open to the ele-ments and elimentals and her sheer

ments and elimentals and her sheer lace skirts open to criticism, the waistline is the only part kept within bounds. Yet as a boundary it is as contested a bit of topography as the River of Doubt.

Here today and there tomorrow the waist line is wont to pursue its free and untrammeled way any where from the knee up to the bustline. On one hand we are assured that it is to be done away with entirely like other waste places of the earth like other waste places of the earth and then comes the portent for fall that it will still be in our midst and all squeezed up again to erstwhile eighteen-inch proportions. Indeed it seems no idle threat that

this autumn the glass of fashion will be the hourglass and that the feminine figure will figure as the

Waist Line Only Spot Left to

the Imagination

figure eight once more.

It's the basque that is doing it, but at the time of going to press the waist line has resisted all pressure and is yet guiltless of any convexity, basque or no basque. In fact quite the newest wrinkled is to have your basque wrinkled as if over an entirely uncorseted figure. In its most approved form the basque of the moment is cut in three or five pieces, buttoned with very obvious buttons from the low cut neck down into its finish which is apt to be either at the hip line or well down below it.

White taffeta is quite the smarest White taffeta is quite the smarest fabric for the fashlonable basque as it is in indeed for the entire approved lingerie frock.

Time was when a lingerie frock meant a washable dress of tub material even as was my lady's veritable lingerie, but since those intimate garments are these days fashloned of Pussywillay infect it is loned of Pussywillow taffeta it is only the natural course of events that the frocks deriving their quali-

Advice to Girls

Dear Annie Laurie: There is a young man in the town who has just got a divorce from his deceitful wife. As far as I can hear the fault was all in his wife. He is a fellow of about twentyfour or twenty-five and exceptional-

ly good looking. Just lately he has been speaking and acting as though he might like to be in my company. Should I take up with this man." "ANXIOUS."

is all in his wife, dear child. has he told you so? There are always two sides to a story, you know, and I should cer-'ain'y like to hear the other side, if

ANNIE LAURIE dang for a young gar to pay too much attention to such affairs, and what on earth do you mean, dear child, by saying you want to "take up" with the man?

Do you mean that you want to marry h'm, or that you just want him for a friend? You don't have to marry every man who's nice to you you have—did you ever think of that?

I should be a little careful in this particular case if I were you.

OW do you know that the fault Before Retiring Unpleasant effects from a late supper may be quickly dispelled and rest-

ful sleep assured by taking a dose of Beacham's Pills hear it for you? It isn't quite the sold Everywhere. In boxes 10c and 25c.

The skirts finishing these white taffeta basques frocks are full shirred affairs either set on the basque plainly or with a hip sash of Plack release. of Black velvet.

Black velvet pumps worn with the sheerest of white silk stockings and one of the new black velvet hats completes this costume, which stamps you one of immediately in black find white as the last word in unclusted the stamps. in up-to-the-minute fashions.

Truly the fully shirred skirt is now

ties and name therefrom should also be evolved from the soft lengths of white tameta.

O, it's a delicate situation!

He knows that that heart line issreally the GREATEST GUESS of all

And if you were a good guesser you could guess from the way he

Meanwhile, HE HAS THE HAND. Possession is nine points

John Sawyer, Grace Walton, Mrs. Douglas Crane, or one of the other fifty-seven varieties of rival modern

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afterward spoke of that heart line just what sort of a heart HE has.

the correct thing, and the tight af-fair that has had you so long in its grasp has been forced to relin-quish its strangle hold, even as an underskirt under the long Russian This pretense of a tight under-skirt has been frankly discarded, and the long, full tunic, lengthen-

ed slightly, has evolved into the en

tire and only skirt, sufficient unto itself. Skirts composed entirely of flounces of either lace or silk are very popular with the basque wasts, and some daring designers are act-ually showing models of the flounced skirts over small hoops. Pleated skirts are also right in on the job in the fullness thereof, especially on the dancing frocks. Fashioned from the gossamer light-ness of malines, lace, chiffon, or net. those airy, accordian pleated skirts lend themselves beautifully to the successful tripping of the light fan-tastic and the mazes of the maxixe.

A perfect gern of a dance frock is a combination of a black velvet basque, with a frothy skirt of accordian pleated white net flounces. Of course, the basque is decollete, and a red, red rose is pinned to the left shoulder. Worn with a high Spanish comb in the heir this cor-Spanish comb in the hair, this co-Spanish comb in the nair, this cos-tume leads one to expect its wearer to break into a fandango a la Car-mencita rather than a maxixe or hesitation a la Mrs. Vernnon Castle,

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By MICHELSON

Theed exercise, too," said Mary, "but I. don't get it."

Dendily conversation packed with bromides, wasn't it? But that is exactly the point at which Mary and I have arrived. There must be a definite partern for certain marriage conversations, for they seem to recur persistently in the life of every married man. I can sometimes predict two laps ahead just what Mary is going to say.

I wish some one awould tell me why women feel called upon to object to the mildest forms of male diversion. My Saturday afternoon of golt has spurred Mary to the most elogient and unreasonable heights of objection. She invites endless and ingenious tasks for me that must be done somehow Saturday afternoon; she makes uninteresting engagements in which I must perforce accompany her or suffer the ordeal of fears; she slanders my golf clubs and loses them, frowns resentfully at any column of golf news, and never loses an opportunity to rebuke me plaintively for leaving her alone Saturday afternoon in the golf season.

"I do believe," she frequently accuses, "that you care more for those horrid old golf clubs, than you do for me." Which I usually refrain from answering, having heard it applied to nearly everything I like. When a mild dispute bids fair to end in pointless amicability, Mary invariably drags forth this especial

WHAT IS HUSBAND'S DAY.

XXXIV.

ARY," I began, somewhat doubtful of my ground, "I don't think I'm going to church this morning."

"Why?" asked Mary idly.

"Well," I suggested, "there are lots of little things to do about the house, and, really, Sunday is about the only time I have—"

plaint from the conversational grab-bag and I surrender.

This Sunday, for some reason, Mary did not object to my staying home from c ur h. She went cheerfully upstairs to cress and came down presently looking sweet and lovely, as she always does. I marvel at the facial control some women have. I have seen Mary, flushed and indignant, turn at the entrance of another woman and fairly radiate a sweet optimis mand content. I have—"

"What about Saturday afternoons."
inquired Mary ominously.
"That," I reminded mildly, "is my golf time, and as long as the weather is good I'd rather not miss it. Besides, I need the exercise."
"I need exercise, too," said Mary, "but I don't get it."

I was soon to learn why Mary had no objection to my remaining home from church.
"Peter, she said cheerfully, "since are soing to be home all morning and it really wouldn't be so very much to table for you, won't you please put the things on the dinner table, and mayb do whatever there is to do?. I don't get it."

HITS FROM SHARP WITS

It must take considerable skill to affect the debutante slouch and yet not fall through one's clothes -Toledo

A man may practice what he preaches, but he seldom ever learns it thor-

It is only the very small man who can hide behind a woman's skirts these days.—Philadelphia Inquirer. The more beef goes up the less goes down.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

The man who trusts to luck is usually bitterly complaining how base

out in Nebraska there is a man who is more than a hundred and twenty years old. We are not sure that he tries to account for this remarkable multiplicity of years—he has just lived, but probably he would have been dead fity years ago had he tried to follow any prescribed list of "don'ts."—Toledo Blade.

There's no use arguing with a man who thinks he knows that he cannot be mistaken.—Albany Journal

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